

OCEAN.

A N

ODE.

OCCASIONED

By His M A J E S T Y's late
Royal ENCOURAGEMENT
of the SEA-SERVICE.

To which is prefix'd,

An O D E to the K I N G: And a
DISCOURSE on O D E.

By *EDWARD YOUNG*, Author of
the UNIVERSAL PASSION.

D U B L I N:

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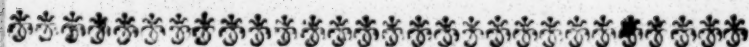
For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakespear's* Head,
in *Dame's-street*, M DCC XLIII.



1607/3752.



OCEAN.



AN

ODE.

OCCASION'D

By his MAJESTY's late Royal
ENCOURAGEMENT of the
SEA SERVICE.

I Think My Self obliged to recommend
to you a Consideration of the greatest
Importance, and I should look upon
it as a great Happiness, if, at the Begin-
ning of My Reign, I could see the Founda-
tion laid of so great and necessary a Work,

as the Encrease and Encouragement of our Seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compell'd by Force and Violence, to enter into the Service of their Country, as oft as Occasion shall require it: A Consideration worthy of the Representatives of a People great, and flourishing in Trade and Navigation. This leads me to mention to you the Case of *Greenwich* Hospital, that Care may be taken by some Addition to that Fund to render comfortable and effectual, that charitable Provision for the Support and Maintenance of our Seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by Age, and Infirmities, in the Service of their Country.

PATER PATRIÆ.

Jan. 27, 1727





T O T H E
K I N G.

I.

O LD OCEAN's praise
Demands my lays ;
A truly-*British* Theme I sing ;
A theme so great
I dare compleat,
And join with *Ocean*, *Ocean's* King.

II.

To Gods, and Kings,
The poet sings ;
To Kings, and Gods the Muse is dear ;
The Muse inspires
With all her fires ;
Begin, my soul ! thy bold career.

III.

From awful *state*,
 From high *debate*,
 From *morning splendors* of a crown,
 From *homage* pay'd,
 From *empires* weigh'd,
 From plans of *blessings*, and *renown*.

IV.

Great Monarch ! bow
 Thy beaming brow ;
 To Thee I strike the sounding lyre,
 With proud design
 In verse to shine ;
 To rival *Greek*, and *Roman* fire.

V.

The *Roman* Ode
 Majestick flow'd ;
 Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong ;
 In sense, and sound,
Thebes rowl'd profound ;
 The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
 So fam'd, presume
 To triumph o'er a Northern Isle
 Late Time shall know
 The *North* can glow,
 If dread *Augustus* deign to smile.



VII. The

(7)

VII.

The work is done !
The distant sun
His smile supplies ! exalts my voice !
Thro' Earth's wide bound
Shall *George* resound,
My theme, by *duty*, and by *choice*.

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own !
Our Fleet, if *war*, or *commerce* call,
His will performs
Thro' waves, and storms,
And rides in triumph round the Ball.

IX.

Since then the *Main*
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song ?
To whom but *Thee* ?
The boundless *Sea*,
And *grateful* Muse, to *George* belong.

X.

Hail mighty theme !
Rich Mine of fame !
If Gods invok'd extend their aid ;
Hail subject *new* !
As *Britain's* due
Reserv'd by the *Pierian* maid.

XI.

Durst *Homer's* Muse,
 Or *Pindar's* chuse
 To pour the billows on his string ?
 No, both defraud
 The tuneful God ;
 Scarce more sublime, when JOVE they sing.

XII.

No former Race,
 With strong embrace,
 This theme to ravish durst aspire ;
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
 My fingers fly,
 Now pause, and now fresh Musick spring ;
 Now dance, now creep,
 Now dive, now sweep,
 And fetch the sound from every string.

XIV.

Now numbers rise,
 Like virgin's sighs ;
 The soft *Favonius* melt away ;
 As from the North,
 Now rushes forth
 A Blast, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
 With curious toil ;
 Ye Graces ! turn the growing lines,
 On anvils neat
 Your strokes repeat ;
 At every stroke the work refines !

XVI.

How musick charms ?
 How metre warms ?
 Parent of actions good, and brave !
 How vice it tames ?
 And worth inflames ?
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave ?

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
 A scanty span,
 But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
Wit scorns the grave ;
 To wit he gave
 The life of Gods ! immortal bloom !

XVIII.

Since *years* will fly,
 And *pleasures* die,
 Day after day, as years advance ;
 Since while life lasts,
 Joy suffers blasts
 From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance* ;

XIX.

Nor Life is long ;
But soon we throng,
Like Autumn leaves, Death's palid shore ;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XX.

Our strains divide
The Laurels pride ;
With those we lift to life, we live ;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And shares the blessings, which we give.

XXI.

What Hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun ?
" Justice *sincere*,
" And Courage *clear*,
" Rise the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

" How form'd for sway ?
" Who look, obey,
" They read the Monarch in his port.
" Their love, and awe,
" Supply the law ;
" And his own lustre makes the court.

XXIII. *But*

XXIII.

“ *But shines supream,*
“ *Where Heroes flame,*
“ *In War's big-hearted pomp he prides!*
“ *By godlike arts*
“ *Enthron'd in hearts,*
“ *Our bosom'd-lord o'er wills presides.*

XXIV.

Our factions end !
The nations bend !
For when *Britannia's* sons combin'd,
In fair array,
All march one way ;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If *equal* all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end ;
But Heroes prove
As steps to *Jove*,
By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

XXVI.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things ;
Men doubt no more,
But Gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in Kings.

XXVII. On

XXVII.

On yonder height,
 What golden light
 Triumphant shines? and shines *alone*?
 Unrivall'd blaze!
 The nations gaze!
 'Tis not the sun, 'tis *Britain's* throne.

XXVIII.

Our monarch there,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
 Like *British* oak,
 Derides the stroke;
 His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid,
 While *Interest* wings,
 Bold, foreign Kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
 The *Sea* pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies;
 Thence *wealth*, and *state*,
 And *pow'r*, and———*Fate*,
 Which *Europe* reads in *George's* eyes.



O N

Lyrick Poetry.



OW imperfect soever my own Composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a Word or two of the Nature of *Lyrick* Poetry; to shew that I have, at least, some Idea of Perfection in that kind of Poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think my self *Poet* enough entirely to rely on *Inspiration* for my Success in it.

To our having, or not having this *Idea of Perfection* in the Poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the Merit, or Demerit of our Performances, as also the Modesty, or Vanity of our Opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it I shall show how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* Poets, that is Poets in *general*, are esteem'd, and really are the most *vain*, the most *irritable*, and most *ridiculous* Set of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly,

Non hos quaesitum munus in usus.

Virg.
He

He that has an *Idea of Perfection* in the Work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *must*: And yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of Beauty, how *short*, or *improper* soever, will be look'd on fondly by him because it is all pure gains, and more than he promis'd to himself: And because he has no *Test*, or *Standard* in his Judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this *Idea of Perfection* is, in Poetry more refin'd, than in other kinds of writing; and because more refin'd, therefore more difficult, therefore more rarely attain'd; and the non-attainment of it, is, (as I have said) the Source of our Vanity. Hence the Poetick Clan are more *obnoxious to vanity* than others. And from Vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that *quick resentment*, that tinder of the Mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the *Genus Irritabile* among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, Things look'd on by most as foreign to the Important Points of Life, as consequentially flows the Inheritance of *Ridicule*, which devolves on them, from Generation to Generation. As soon as they become Authors, they become like *Ben. Johnson's* angry Boy, and learn the Art of Quarrel.

—————*Concordes Animæ, dum nocte premuntur;
Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
Attigerint, quantas acies, stragemque ciebunt?
Qui Juvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires,
Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
Tuque prior, Tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœlestibus armis,
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!
Nec Te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus
Arduus, arma tenens; non Te Messapus, & Ufens,
Contemptorque Deum Mezentius.* Virg.

But to return. He that *has* this *Idea of Perfection* in the Work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest*; because to rise up to that *Idea*, which he propo-

proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two Observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly true ; I mean, they shew us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* Idea of this perfection, as their portion of Ignorance, or Knowledge of it, is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of Modesty, or Conceit.

Nor, (tho' natural good Understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature,) will the Reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the Piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The *Ode*, as it is the eldest kind of Poetry, so it is more Spirituous, and more remote from Prose than any other, in *Sense, Sound, Expression, and Conduct*. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral ; Its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious ; Its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected ; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems ; Its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar Eye. That apparent order, and connection, which gives form and life to *some* compositions takes away the very Soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable ; an humble, tame, and vulgar Ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

Musa dedit Fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum.

And as its *subjects* are sublime, its writers genius should be so too ; Otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, (viz.) an *involuntary Burlesque*.

It is the genuine character, and merit of the *Ode*, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold Complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their Imaginations, for a Delicacy of taste in their Judgments ; and like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects in their natural lustre, as too glaring ; what is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus *Pindar*, who has as much Logick at the bottom,

bottom, as *Aristotle*, or *Euclid*, to some Criticks has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all, who enjoy no portion of his own divine Spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring Others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a Monster, when they see a Man.

And indeed it seems to be the Amends which Nature makes to those whom she has not bless'd with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own Comprehensions, and Relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of mind, in *Ode*, as in all compositions, should bear the supream Sway; and a beautiful *Imagination*, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only can proceed the fairest Off-spring of the human mind.

But then in *Ode*, there is this difference from other kinds of Poetry; That, *there*, the *Imagination*, like a very beautiful Mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; tho' the *Judgment*, like an Artful Lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, It shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, 'The more danger, the more honour.' It must be very Enterprizing, it must (in *Shakespear's* Style) have hair-breadth'Scapes; and often tread the very brink of Error: Nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* Judge, unless it renders itself Obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *Contrary*.

Such is *Casimire's* Strain among the Moderns, whose lively Wit, and happy Fire is an honour to them. And *Buchanan* might justly be much admir'd, if any thing more than the Sweetness of his Numbers, and the purity of his Diction, was his own: His Original from which I have taken my Motto, thro' all the Disadvantages of a northern, prose-translation, is still admirable; and *Cowley* says, as preferable in Beauty to *Buchanan*, as *Judea* is to *Scotland*.

Pindar, *Anacreon*, *Sappho* and *Horace*, are the greatest Masters

Masters of *Lyric Poetry* among Heathen writers. *Pindar's* muse, like *Sachariffa*, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished Beauty ; equally disdaining the use of Art, and the fear of any Rival, so intoxicating that it was the highest commendation that could be given an Antient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

A danger which *Horace* declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's Muse is like *Amoret*, most Sweet, Natural, and Delicate ; all over Flowers, Graces, and Charms ; inspiring Complacency, not Awe ; and she seems to have good-nature enough to admit a Rival, which she cannot find.

Sappho's Muse like Lady—— is passionately tender, and glowing ; like Oyl set on fire, she is soft, and warm, in excess. *Sappho* has left us a few fragments only ; Time has swallow'd the rest ; But that little which remains, like the remaining Jewel of *Cleopatra*, after the other was dissolv'd at her banquet, may be esteem'd (as was that Jewel) a sufficient Ornament for the Goddess of Beauty herself.

Horace's muse, (like One I shall not presume to name,) is Correct, Solid, and Moral ; she joins all the Sweetness, and Majesty, all the Sense and the Fire of the former, in the justest proportions, and degrees ; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, That she abounds in *hidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the discerning can discover : nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her Excellency's, without giving the World, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But after all, to the Honour of our own Country I must add, that I think Mr. *Dryden's* Ode on St. *Cecilia's* day inferior to no composition of this kind. It's chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the Occasion ; Those by which He has chosen to express Majesty, (viz.)

B

Assumes

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

Are chosen in the following Ode, because the Subject of it is Great.

For the Harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of Rhyme ; which laid me under great Difficulties. But Difficulties overcome give Grace, and Pleasure. Nor can I account for the Pleasure of Rhyme in general (of which the Moderns are too fond) but from this Truth.

But then the Writer must take care that the Difficulty *is* overcome. That is, He must make Rhyme consistent with as perfect *Sense*, and *Expression*, as could be expected, if he was free from that Shackle. Otherwise it gives neither Grace to the Work, nor Pleasure to the Reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the Poet.

To sum the Whole. Ode should be *peculiar*, but not *strain'd* ; *moral*, but not *flat* ; *natural*, but not *obvious* ; *delicate*, but not *affected* ; *noble* but not *ambitious* ; *full* but not *obscure* ; *fiery* but not *mad* ; *thick*, but not *loaded* in its Numbers, which should be most *Harmonious*, without the least sacrifice of *expression*, or of *sense*. Above all in *this*, as in every work of Genius, somewhat of an *Original Spirit* should be, at least attempted ; otherwise the Poet whose Character disclaims *Mediocrity*, makes a *secondary* praise his ultimate ambition ; which has something of a contradiction in it. *Originals* only have true Life, and differ as much from the best *Imitations*, as Men from the most animated *Pictures* of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due *deference* for the great Standards of Antiquity ; nay, that very deference is an Argument for it, for doubtless their *Example* is on our side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general *motives*, and fundamental *methods* of their working, than in their *works* themselves. There is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the *first*, may make us the

Equal

Equals ; the second must pronounce us their inferiours even in our utmost Success. But the *first* of these Prizes is not so readily taken by the *Moderns* ; as Valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the *Thief*.

The Antients had a particular regard to the choice of their *Subjects* ; which were generally National, and Great. My Subject is, in its own nature, Noble ; most proper for an *Englishman* ; never more proper than on this Occasion ; and (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemn'd by my own *Rules* ; If I have hit the Spirit of *Ode* in general ; If I cannot think with Mr. *Cowley*, that *Musick alone, sometimes, makes an excellent Ode*.

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ ;

If there is any *thought, enthusiasm, and picture*, which are as the *body, soul, and robe* of poetry ; in a word, If in any degree, I have provided rather *food for men*, than *air for Wits* ; I hope smaller faults will meet with indulgence for the sake of the Design, which is the glory of my Country, and my King.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, That great Subjects are above being *nice* ; That Dignity, and Spirit ever suffer from scrupulous Exactness ; and That the *minuter* cares effeminate a Composition. Great Masters of Poetry, Painting, and Statuary in their nobler works, have even *affected* the contrary. And justly for a truly-masculine Air partakes more of the *negligent*, than of the *neat*, both in writings and in Life.

Grandis oratio haberet Majestatis suæ pondus.

PETRON.

A poem, like a *criminal*, under too severe Correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was *Faber imus*, that was such an artist at a *Hair*, or a *Nail*. And we know the cause was

Quia ponere totum

Nescius, —————

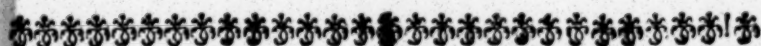
H O R.

To close ; If a Piece of this nature wants an Apology, I must own ; that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *severer* Studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy, and admire. The mind is reliev'd, and strengthen'd by Variety ; and he that *sometimes* is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a *general* Importance to it. This truth is clear from the Knowledge of *human Nature*, and of *History* ; from which I could cite very celebrated Instances, did I not fear, *That* by citing them, I should condemn my self, who am so little qualify'd to follow their example in its full extent.





O C E A N.



A N

O D E.

Concluding with a W I S H.

Let the Sea make a noise, let the Floods clap their hands.

I.

SWEET rural Scene !
Of Flocks, and Green !
At careless ease my limbs are spread ;
All nature still,
But yonder rill ;
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head ;

B 3

II.

A N

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless *tyde* !
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar
Without a breeze,
The curling Seas
Dance on, in *measure*, to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
Of *wealth* and *force* ?
Vast field of *commerce*, and big *war*
Where *wonders* dwell !
Where *terrors* swell !
And *Nepaune* thunders from his car ?

IV.

Where ? where are they,
Whom *Paan*'s ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave ?
What, none aspire ?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds !
The rock rebounds !
The *Nereids* to my song reply !
I lead the choir,
And they conspire
With voice and shell, to lift it high ;

VI.

They spread in air
 Their bosoms fair,
 Their verdant tresses pour behind,
 The billows beat
 With nimble feet,
 With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
 Let those adore
 The God *Apollo*, and his *nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
 And *Orpheus'* skill ;
 But let *Arion's* harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
 Is *Britain's* reign ;
 Her strength, her glory is her *fleet* ;
 The main! the main!
 Be *Britain's* strain ;
 As *Triton's* strong, as *Syren's* sweet.

IX.

Thro' nature-wide,
 Is nought descry'd
 So rich in pleasure, or surprize ;
 When all serene,
 How sweet the scene ?
 How dreadful when the billows rise ?

X.

When storms deface
 The fluid glass,
 In which e'er while *Britannia* fair
 Look'd down with pride,
 Like *Ocean's* bride,
 Adjusting her majestick air ?

XI.

When Tempests cease
 And hush'd in peace
 The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep
 Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

XII.

With what a trance,
 The level glance
 Unbroken, shoots along the Seas?
 Which tempt from shore
 The painted oar ;
 And every canvas courts the breeze !

XIII.

When rushes forth
 The frowning *North*
 On blackning billows, with what dread
 My shuddering soul
 Beholds them rowl,
 And hears their roarings o'er my head ?

XIV. With

XIV.

With terror, mark,
Yon flying *bark* !
Now, center-deep descend the brave ;
Now, tofs'd on high
It takes the Sky,
A *feather* on the tow'ring wave !

XV.

Now, spins around
In whirls profound ;
Now, whelm'd ; now, pendant near the clouds ;
Now, stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunders peals ;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All Ether burns !
Chaos returns !
And blends, once more, the Seas and Skies ;
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O Deep ! and the blue Concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The fyr, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monsters shock.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Let Others fear ;
To *Britain* dear
Whate'er promotes her darling claim ;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain, or fame.

XIX.

The Stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire ;
And *Phæbus* flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the Seas
Outshone by *These* ?
Bright *Thetys* ! thou art not outshone ;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There set in green
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich ! thy charms to wrap ;
And when the Sun
His race has run,
He falls enomour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *Clouds* whose dyes
 Adorn the Skies,
 That silver *Snow*; that pearly *Rain*;
 Has *Phæbus* stole
 To grace the pole,
 The plunder of the invaded Main!

XXIII.

The gaudy *Bow*
 Whose colours glow,
 Whose arch, with so much skill is bent,
 To *Phæbus*' ray
 Which paints so gay,
 By Thee, the watry Wolf was lent,

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
 Where waters sleep,
 What unknown Treasures pave the floor!
 The *Pearl* in rows,
 Pale lustre throws;
 The *Wealth* immense, which storms devour,

XXV.

From *Indian* mines
 With proud designs
 The Merchant swoln, digs golden Ore,
 The tempests rise,
 And seize the prize,
 And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His Son complains
 In pious strains
 " Ah ! cruel thirst of Gold " he cries ;
 Then ploughs the main,
 In zeal for gain,
 The tears yet swelling in his Eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry Vast !
 What mounds are cast
 To bar thy dreadful flowings-o'er ?
 Thy proudest foam
 Must know it's home ;
 But rage of Gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys,
 But pleasure dies,
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
 Tho' *raptures* court,
 The *sense* is short ;
 But Virtue kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone* !
 Joys ask'd of none !
 Which Time's, and Fortune's arrows miss ;
 Joys that subsist,
 Tho' Fates resist,
 An unprecious, endless bliss !

XXX.

The Soul *refin'd*
Is most inclin'd
To every *moral* excellence ;
All vice is dull,
A Knave's a Fool ;
And *Virtue* is the child of *sense*.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The shaken Ball,
Nor Planets fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expends
Her *wealth*, and *zeal*
On publick weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the *main*.
Which towring rose
With *George* to close,
And point out great *Eliza's* reign ?

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From *Britain's* throne
To rekindle a grand design ;
That voice shall rear
Yon * *Fabrick* fair
As Nature's rose at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature sprung
Blest Angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising Ball ;
For strains as high,
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted Honours call.

XXXVI.

From boisterous Seas,
The lap of Ease
Receives our *wounded* and our *old* ;
High *domes* ascend !
Stretch'd *arches* bend !
Proud *columns* swell ! wide *gates* unfold !

XXXVII.

So sleeps the grain ;
In fostering rain,
And vital beams, till *Jove* descend ;
Then, bursts the root !
The *verdures* shoot !
And earth enrich, adorn, defend !

* *Greenwich.*

XXXVIII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
 From wave, from wind,
 And Fortune's tempest safe ashore,
 To cheat their care,
 Of former war
 They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
 Our Fleet prevails ;
 In tales the lenitives of *age* !
 And, o'er the bowl,
 They fire the soul
 Of listning *youth*, to martial rage.

XL.

The story done,
 Their setting sun
 Serenely smiling down the *west*,
 In soft decay,
 They dropt away ;
 And *Honour* leads them to their rest.

XLI.

Unhappy they !
 And falsely gay !
 Who bask for ever in success ;
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
 And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

XLII. What

XLII.

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar, loses all its gloss ;
And gold refin'd
The *sated* mind
Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native soil,
The panting *Mariner* regains,
What *transport* flows
From bare *repose* ?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain !
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watry winding sheet ;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can Death disarm ?
Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
By *Jove*, by *Fame*,
By *George's* name,
Awake ! awake ! awake !

XLVI. Our

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
 Our shout so loud,
 Without a Charm the Dead might hear ;
 And see, they rouse !
 Their awful brows,
 Deep scar'd, from oozy pillows rear !

XLVII.

With spiral shell,
 Full blasted, tell,
 That all your watry realms should ring ;
 Your *pearl*-alcoves,
 Your *coral*-groves
 Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain's* King.

XLVIII.

As long as stars
 Guide mariners,
 As *Carolina's* virtues please,
 Or Suns invite,
 The ravish'd sight,
 The *British* flag shall sweep the Seas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both !
 Our soils *strong growth*,
 And our bold Natives *hardly mind* ;
 Sure Heaven bespoke
 Our *hearts*, and *oak*,
 To give a Master to mankind.

Lr

That noblest birth
 Of teeming Earth,
 Of forest fair that daughter proud
 To foreign coasts
 Our grandeur boasts,
 And *Britain's* pleasure speaks aloud.

LI.

Now big with *war*
 Sends Fate from far,
 If rebel realms their Fate demand ;
 Now, sumptuous spoils
 Of foreign *Soils*
 Pours in the bosom of our land.

LII.

Hence, Britain lays
 In scales, and weighs
 The Fates of Kingdoms, and of Kings ;
 And as she frowns,
 Or smiles, on Crowns
 A night, or day of *glory* springs.

LIII.

Thus *Ocean* swells
 The streams, and rills,
 And to their borders lift them high ;
 Or else withdraws
 The mighty cause,
 And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

LIV. How

LIV.

How mixt, how frail,
 How sure to fail,
 Is every pleasure of Mankind :
 A damp destroys
 My blooming joys,
 While *Britain's* glory fires my mind.

LV.

For who can gaze
 On restless *seas*,
 Unstruck with *life's* more restless state ?
 Where *all* are tofs'd,
 And *most* are lost
 By tides of *passion*, blasts of *Fate* ?

LVI.

The World's the *main*,
 How vext ? how vain ?
 Ambition swells, and Anger foams :
 May good men find,
 Beneath the wind,
 A noiseless shore, unruffled homes !

LVII.

The publick scene
 Of harden'd men
 Teach me, O teach me to despise !
 The *world* few know
 But to their woe,
 Our *crimes* with our *experience* rise ;

LVIII.

All tender sense
 Is banish'd *thence*,
 All maiden nature's first alarms ;
 What shock'd before
 Disgusts no more,
 And what disgusted has its charms.

LIX.

In landfhips green
 True *blifs* is feen,
 With *Innocence*, in fhadcs, fhe fports ;
 In wealthy *towns*
 Proud *labour* frowns,
 And painted *forrow* fmiles in *courts*.

LX.

Thefe fcenes untry'd
 Seduc'd by pride,
 To Fortune's arrows barr'd my brcast ;
 'Till *Wifdom* came,
 A hoary dame!
 And told me *pleafure* was in *ref*.

LXI.

" O may I *f*teal
 " Along the *v*ale
 " Of humble life, fccure from *f*oes !
 " My friend *f*incere !
 " My judgment *c*lear !
 " And gentle bufinels my *r*epofe !

LXII.

- “ *My mind be strong*
“ *To combat wrong !*
“ *Grateful, O King ! for favours shown !*
“ *Soft to complain*
“ *For other's pain !*
“ *And hold to triumph o'er my own !*

LXIII.

- “ *(When Fortune's kind,)*
“ *Acute to find,*
“ *And warm to relish every Boon !*
“ *And wise to still*
“ *Phantastick Ill,*
“ *Whose frightful Spectres stalk at noon !*

LXIV.

- “ *No fruitless toils !*
“ *No brainless broils !*
“ *Each moment levell'd at the mark !*
“ *Our day so short*
“ *Invites to sport ;*
“ *Be sad, and solemn when 'tis dark.*

LXV.

- “ *Yet Prudence still*
“ *Rein thou my will !*
“ *What's most important, make most dear !*
“ *For 'tis in this*
“ *Resides true Bliss ;*
“ *True Bliss, a Deity severe !*

LXVI. “ *When*

LXVI.

- " *When temper leans*
" *To gayer scenes,*
" *And serious life void moments spares,*
" *The sylvan chace*
" *My sinews brace !*
" *Or song unbend my mind from cares !*

LXVII.

- " *Nor shun my soul !*
" *The genial bowl,*
" *Where mirth, good-nature, spirit flow !*
" *Ingredients These,*
" *Above, to please*
" *The laughing Gods, the wise, below.*

LXVIII.

- " *Tho' rich the wine,*
" *More wit, than wine,*
" *More sense, than wit, good-will than art,*
" *May I provide !*
" *Fair truth, my pride !*
" *My Joy, the converse of the heart !*

LXIX.

- " *The gloomy brow,*
" *The broken vow,*
" *To distant climes, ye Gods ! remove !*
" *The nobly soul'd*
" *Their commerce hold*
" *With words of truth, and looks of love !*

LXX.

" O glorious aim !
" O wealth supreme !
" Divine Benevolence of soul !
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one blessing grasps the Whole !

LXXI.

" Prophetic Schemes,
" And golden dreams,
" May I, unsanguin, cast away !
" Have, what I have !
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the present day !

LXXII.

" My hours my own !
" My faults unknown !
" My chief revenue in content !
" Then, leave one beam
" Of honest fame !
" And scorn the labour'd monument !

LXXIII.

" Unburt my urn !
" Till that great Turn
" When mighty Nature's self shall die
" Time cease to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sank in the OCEAN of Eternity.

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